That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah: be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
Preserue your lambes and beat away the wolfe.
My soule hath said contritions penitence
Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne. (heauen,
Farewell my Lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in
And for my kindnesse giue me graue-roome heere.
My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.
Salis. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meaning man,
How now my Lords, what cooling card is this?
A greater griefe growes now then earst hath beene.
What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?
Or shall we home and kneele vnto the King.
Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes:
What haue we done? fie Lords what frenzie moon'd
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of France?
If we persеuer we are sure to dye:
If we desist, small hope againe of life.
Salish. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale
And stand not wailing on our present harmes,
As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.
As for my selfe, I will in hast be gone:
And kneele for pardon to our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn *carried betweene two Lords.*
Iohn Set downe, set downe the loade not worth your (paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
Sickly and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
It loathes I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.
Who pities me? to whom haue I beene kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not? Death scornes so vilde a prey.

Why

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neit
Nor death nor life, yet life and nere the n
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not wher
Phil. How fares my Lord, that hee is
Not all the aukward fortunes yet befalne
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiect mouing more remorse,
Than now, beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in such distressed Sat
Ioh. What newes with thee, if bad, re
If good be mute, it doth but flatter me.
Phil. Such as it is and heauy though i
To glut the world with tragicke Elegies,
Once will I breath to aggrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full
The braueſt bow-man had not yet sent fo
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side
But that a rumor went throughout our C
That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mi
Who rather chose, as sacrifice for *Mars*,
That ignominious scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the Prince o
His weary followers gainst the Mirmido
Crying aloud, S. *George*, the day is ours.
But feare hath captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lambe before the greedy W
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the f
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the e
With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And fenc'd vs from the fury of the French

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)